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*My Thoughts
to Mine :-: In
Verse and Rhyme*

—BEN BISER

PRICE, 50 CENTS

Your Thoughts
and Mine
—in—
Verse and Rhyme



By BEN BISER

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6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20
21 22 23 24 25

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INTRODUCTORY

Not An Apology

THE average man or woman at times, ponders more or less over thoughts somewhat beyond the mediocre. Sometimes they philosophize a bit (which is good) and it is to such fellow humans that this little collection of verse and rhyme is offered, not from a point of literary merit, or profound thought—far be it from such, but as plain thoughts, simply expressed. And if they have compensated me by giving life a bigger, broader, grander outlook, why should they not do the same for others? I offer them therefore, with the hope that somewhere, a seed-thought of good may find root.

I commend them to you with my best wishes.

—Ben Biser

This little volume is
lovingly dedicated to
MY WIFE



Oft, when the hours were lagging,
I have seen her eyelids close;
'Tis then my languid conscience,
should have smitten me with blows.

Patiently she'd crochet or read,
sometimes she'd sew—or tat;
Sometimes she'd risk some questions,
odd thoughts of this or that.

Perhaps then I'd get peevish,
when my thoughts were thus disturbed;
And then my churlish manner would,
her hungered pal-ship curb.

But, when within my selfish pride,
o'er fantastic verse or lay;
Like a martyr she would listen,
and then with smiles would say:

As I'd read with much grandiloquence,
my written screed or verse;
"That's bad enough, my dear,
yet, I have heard some much worse."

Thou Art God



Thou art Omnipotence;
Thine all power and might;
All plenty, Peace, all eminence,
Spiritually endowed my birthright.
There is no wisdom manifest;
Nor truth oh Lord, but Thine;
No love in its ecstatic bliss;
Nor life but life Divine.
No good but that Thou dost bestow,
As an attribute when discerned;
No intelligence but that shows,
All-in-All, Thou art Life, Love,
Truth, enshrined.

A Man's Measure



Man can be measured by what he is
If his standard's the Golden Rule;
He's then not gauged by what he has,
For his life's a crystal pool
From whose unruffled, mirrored depths
Blended tranquil and serene;
Deeds of unselfish service reflect
Vivid character-pictured scenes.
He's the man who interposes,
No heckling how or when,
For in his mind the rule reposes,
"Do unto others as if you were them."

Yesterday



We turn thy pages, oh, yesterday,
shamed by the things there seen;

We find them blurred by demerits,
instead of spotless and clean;

From wrongs to abstain we intended,
in the gamut of duty and plan;

Yet we side-stepped, and wavered and
faltered,
'neath the fallible weakness of man;

Yet, thro' the medley of things good and bad,
deeds here and there found soil,

Which will grow and be fruitful and urge us,
to sacrifice, strive harder, and toil.

Today



May we today not simply inscribe,
good intents on its hours as we carve;
But, measure for measure—deeds to abide,
to live on in their beauty not scarred;
May we fashion and forge with impulses true,
not shapes of base metal, but gold;
'Nor pilfer or hoard examples of good,
to be cast in humanity's mould;
Let us do things today with laughter and song,
as the world with its tumult rolls by;
Else our hand may be stayed, may pass away,
and our fellows know not that we tried.

Tomorrow



Tomorrow holds naught, its boundary's void,
its portent's uncertain, its horizon not clear;

Its mirage may beckon with visions alloyed,
but they're elusive and may disappear;

For your fellowman's need his yesterday's
gone,

his grist for that day has been ground;

Don't reckon tomorrow, begin today with
its dawn,

then's when the time for achievements
abound;

Tomorrow's too late for the sturdy right hand,
use it today to its limit supreme;

Let us live, love, and forget—be a brother
to man, give generously now, and not
with tomorrow a dream.

January



Reign on King Winter, and let thy satellites
impose,

Their elemental turbulence, their winds and
ice, and snows;

All Nature's sought retirement, and dormant
laws obey,

While from its Artic habitat your carnival
holds sway;

Boreas' blasts like bugles, makes heavenly
reaches ring,

While Mother Earth reposes 'neath the
mantle Jack Frost flings;

'Tis January, mid-month of thy domain,

We need ye oh King Winter, Nature's
balance to sustain.

February

February lore makes the 'groundhog',
an erstwhile arbiter of days;

That by the spell of his shadow,
bids winter to linger or fade;

To enthrall the landscape 'neath crystals,
or give it the warmth that'll bring,

At the time when Nature is moulding,
the habiliments and glory of spring.

We, too, as children of Nature,
beguiled by fallacies and strife,

Keep our moods fickle and wavering,
with the shadows that show in our life.

March

March's lamb-like demeanor's seductive,
'tis but an illusion defined;

For quickly 'tis rending and roaring,
with the maddened impulse of a lion;

'Tis here that springtime gives battle,
in usurping a just right of way;

King Winter disputes the possession,
and throws his spent force in the fray.

He brings from the empire of Zero,
his wind sprites with their tumult and
power,

To wrest from Spring any encroachment,
that'll supplant frost crystals with flowers.

April



When bud unfolds to blossom,
and curling leaf fares forth;
And dormant earth awakens,
to the glories of new birth;
And days of glowing sunshine,
or, splashing, sparkling showers;
Lend life a new enchantment,
with its embryonic flowers;
And wreathes the hillside and the valley,
with fulsome, verdant green;
To banish all the sombreness,
of winter's barren scenes;
Then the lilting, throaty songbirds,
a gladsome welcome fling,
To the buoyance of thy youthfulness
oh, joyous, radiant Spring.

Maytime



When lengthened days have blended,
 into evening's shadowed bowers;
And the scented air falls sweetly,
 and the lilacs are in flower;
When the robin and the red bird,
 catch the zephyr as it blows;
From the blue bell and the hyacinth
 the arbutus and the rose;
When across the perfumed reaches,
 love's call comes sweet and clear;
From mated, nesting songbirds,
 joy-filled with new careers;
Then Springtime, thou hast seasoned,
 with productive zeal attuned;
And have quaffed of life's Elixir,
 brewed beneath a Maytime moon.

June



Vestibule of summer,
with fairy-like festoons;
Alive with more than
shallow things;
Impearled with fruitful beauty,
profuse with perfumed bloom;
Which an enraptured
nature brings.
Thy pageant days of
purpled gold;
With paling evening's
hyacinth skies;
And verdant crops like
wealth untold;
Thy triumph is complete,
—it mystifies.
With dawn transcendent,
and moon-bathed nights;
Suffused with white
and green;
Thy days engulfed
in grandeur bright;
Each, one more voyage,
thru June day dreams.

July



When the hollyhocks are nodding,
to the roses in the heat;

Distant fields lie yellow-stubbed
shorn of their gifts of wheat;

Straight-winged a hawk soars lazily
on unwary prey intent;

Storm clouds break from nowhere
with freakish lightning rent;

Nature's busy then producing
with such handmaids as hoe and plow;

To prove by fruits that victories,
Come by toil and sweat of brow.

August



When a dazzling sun is smiting,
'till evening's sultry shades;
And leaf and flower a-thirsting,
like earth and things dust-glazed;
When darkest night holds neither
cooling promise, or reprieve;
And 'dog days' writhe and twist us,
as heat waves moil and seethe;
Then butterflies are listless, flitting,
'round shady nooks and bowers;
And the birds just sit a-gossiping,
hungered for breeze or shower.

September



When late summer intermingles,
with autumn's whispered breeze;

Cloud-pictured skyland reddens,
bursting pods drop downy seeds;

Leaves and petals quaintly curling,
as flowers are shrivelling away;

Tall grasses waving in meadows yellowed,
a horizon vaped in pearly grey;

Low voices then are sweetly calling,
like the babbling of a water-fall;

With a lure winsome and so charming,
when September's dream days call.

October



When purpled leaves are swirling,
with their fellows gold and brown;

And bursting burrs drop chestnuts
where they've carpeted the ground;

When corn is ripe for husking, and
the skies are azure sheened;

And the green and yellow pumpkins
presage pies and Hallow-een;

Then the chill of frosty mornings,
and the evening's autumn haze;

Tell us once again we're passing
through October's tinted days.

November



When chilling winds give cadence,
to the song late Autumn sings;

And November's days in sequence,
with sombre bleakness tinge;

When with winter's falling shadows
Nature's children seek repose;

To hibernate and slumber 'neath
drifted leaves and snows;

Are we grateful for the bounties
we have garnered thro' the days?

Do we chant a dirge in memory
or sing Thanksgiving praise?

To the Master who has blessed us—
Whose hand is not disguised;

As it tints the woodland picture,
or mirages its skies?

December



When shimmering leaf and blade of grass
 'neath sparkling sleet and cold;

With fairy-like enchantment their wondrous
 scenes unfold;

When elves of Frost King's fancy are danc-
 ing o'er the scene;

And you gaze in raptured wonder, as your
 soul in peace just dreams;

Then as your thoughts wend upward, with
 content and reverent bliss;

You're grateful to the Master who has
 wrought such charm as this;

Of life's end it's the symbol—the last days
 of the year;

Nature's toiling time is over, and her slum-
 ber days are here.

Inspiration



Thou mortal—thou who seeketh dominion,
who striveth with idea, theme, or with
plan;

Seek for that gleam of Divine wisdom,
which transcendeth the finiteness of man;

Would'st thou despoil thy chances for
winning, tho' unceasingly thou dost fight
for thy dreams?

Have thy field of exertion, thy planning,
but perplexing, bewildering, void schemes?

Then forget not, that in the realm of per-
fection, supreme in its vastness Sublime,
Dwells that infinite source of all wisdom,
exhaustless through the aeons of time.

Thou may'st rise to the brink of endeavor,
with thy goal just across in full view;

But the bridge o'er the chasm can never, be
crossed 'till the password's God-whispered
to you.

Then thy achievement which seemed but
an illusion,

And thy struggles which seemed but for
naught,

By His message will be inspired to con-
clusion and thy dreams with reality be-
come fraught.

Contentment



I am your friend.
—And I abide
On the knolls along the side,
Of the highways you travel to progress.
There my message flashes bright,
From morning's dawn 'till night,
Then soothes you off to sleep with a caress.

I am your companion.¹
And like the sun I give,
A raptured warmth that lives;
A wealth of solace, comfort, peace untold.
I enable your good name,
Better far than riches—fame;
My service all-surpasses that of silver or of
gold.

I am your comforter.
From your drudgery and your toil,
Like some mystic, magic oil;
I mitigate the friction, and ease the grind.
But, your conscience must be clear,
And your efforts quite sincere,
Then you'll find me in the Make-up of
Your Mind.
I am contentment.

Just Believe



Believe in doing, working,
Not in weeping, shirking,
Believe, and have a useful active creed;
Just be a boosting factor,
Not a knocker, slacker,
Then in your work you will find pleasure,
just believe.

Every day while it is moving,
Believe in what you're doing,
Believe, then you will get what you go after;
Believe in what you hope for,
With the best in you a Pole Star,
One job well done today's worth two or
more hereafter.

Believe in things Divine,
That like begets in kind,
Believe that life is real, and not a dream;
That no man is ever down,
While faith his vision crowns,
And he believes the power back of him's
supreme.

Forgetfulness



Who am I? I am everywhere.
I am thy Nemesis;
I bar thy pathway to success;
I am forgetfulness.

I am thy menace and my creed,
Holds thy mind in dire duress;
Breeds mistakes and troubles to harass;

My minions sear, with their claws;
Anxiety and worry I define,
As friends of mine—I make them thine.

I sneak around and stoop behind;
The lapses in thy mind I tempt;
An arch enemy am I—none are exempt.

When thy work oft seems complete,
I retrace thy steps—thy work repeat,
vexed in spirit by defeat.

Thy mind, oh man, I subjugate;
I shackle thy feet, thy load increase;
Thy time I pilfer, I disturb thy peace.

I pave the way to aching hearts,
with ingratitude, nor time, nor place,
but that I leave some tear-stained face.

Failure in my wake I leave;
Disease and accidents too are stressed—
It may be death at my behest,
For I am forgetfulness.

Thinking

Linking the impact of the hammer with the
shaping steel;
Genius of the power and glamour, driving
productive wheels;
Strength of the forces welded, in nation,
school, or farm;
Soul of the beauty blended, in picture or
sculptured form;
Guide to the shuttling weaver, fashioning
the patterns of life;
Gathering the fruits of the toiler, healing the
wounds of strife;
Shaping a nation's service, when world wide
tempests blow;
Stands the man in earnest, because he's the
man who knows;
Knows, because he's the thinker, inspired
by the themes he caught;
Perhaps while young as a dreamer, now
moulding his deeds by thought.

From the Hilltop



I stand upon the hilltop when the light
creeps down the vale;
To drive the lazy darkness, like mists before
a gale;
Then leaf, and tree, and blade of grass, with
sparkling dewdrops blaze;
Beneath the effulgent radiance of sun-bathed
morning rays.

I stand upon the hilltop, 'mid howling winds
which sweep;
While athwart the storm-swept heavens, I
see the lightning leap;
And the shadow-haunted earth, 'neath the
splendor of its flashes,
Seems the battle ground of giants, as the
rolling thunder crashes.

Chaotic clouds then flee shivering, before
such awful might and power;
And I marvel at God's glory and His infinite
grandeur.

Fellowship

We find day by day as we live,
That men are both willing and fair,
When we practice the creed *'tis better to give*
They too will play the game square.

When our efforts for good are not gain,
When to help, not hinder, the fellowship
flow;
To heal, not wound, give pleasure not pain,
Measure for measure they meet us we
know.

Should fellowmen worry over troubles of
mine,
They've troubles enough of their own;
Fellowship comes as we give it—it's benign,
And we reap from the seeds we have sown.

When we're selfish, and narrow and small,
We're building our house on the sand;
Then the tide flows in—it crumples and falls,
And drifts from the reach of glad hands.

Let us live in the world then to find,
In our souls that effulgence and light;
That with deeds will shine outward and bind,
Our acts with our fellowman's life.

If luck turns against us, if we falter or fall,
Or go down 'neath adversity's blow;
There's a feeling supreme, we need but to call,
And response will be found in fellowship's
flow.

Riding Things Home

You must limber-up, rush in and do,
To 'ride a thing home' and put it thro'.
If you beg or borrow and forget to pay,
You'll count no gains at the close of the
day.
You can liken the art of 'doing things'
To a Broncho horse that bucks and flings;
'Till you saddle and cinch it with Will and
Might,
Straddle its back and sit there tight,
Then ride it through though it costs a fight;
And not let it fool you by jogging along,
Lest a loosened rein—you're off—it's gone.
Don't mind the noise and hullabaloo,
Just stick to the thing and see it thro'.
Down the line—just ride it hard
'Till you ride it into your own Barnyard.

The Helper



I'm thinking of that friend,
Who by intuition grips me;
When I feel my hand-hold slipping,
And I'm headed down the slope.

Who will sacrifice with love,
To boost me up and cheer me,
When my bank book tells the story,
That I'm broke;

Whose soothing hand caresses,
My fever heated brow;
When trouble's got me under,
And I know not where, or how.

To get a fulcrum and a lever,
To lift me to my feet;
Who says, "Don't worry pardner,
There're two of us to beat".

When the Glow of Retrospect is Golden



'Tis the Mount of Retrospect,
Where my camp tonight is set,
That thought may kiss the lips of rapture
unassailed;
As memory pierces with its gaze,
Thru the mists of vanished days,
As my caravan has laboured on toward the
Sunset trail.

Back thru life's desert places,
I see green foliaged oases,
Where perpetual fountains gave me drink,
and welled
Their friendships, oh, so true;
Their joys and happiness too;
Which linger sweetly like the tinkling of a
camel's bell.

Yet, darkness oft' submerged;
In its crucible it has purged;
'Till I quivered 'neath the shafts of sore
defeat;

Aye, hopes sometimes were shattered,
Like shriveled rose leaves scattered,
But slivers of golden sunlight were guiding
my errant feet.

Thus onward I'll gladly trek,
For thou showest Mount Retrospect,
My love for fellowman—my faith in God;
And may memory always hold,
Like antennae of burnished gold;
May I onward tread the paths my fellowmen
have trod.

Then as my last flame is quenched,
May I unmaligned, need no defense,
But pass like new dawn o'er the threshold
of that land,
Where luminous shadows shining,
And a golden retrospect entwining,
I'll know God who walked life's path that
men might understand.

Riding On a 'Rocking Horse'



You cannot go far on a 'rocking horse',
Tho' you ride like a whimsical clown;
It's making motion as a matter of course,
But, it's mostly up and down.

Thus when we joggle thro' the days;
Riding with indolent mien;
We shouldn't expect any woodenized plan,
To make for us progress or gain.

We must put our saddle on a movable steed;
One with a go-forward pace;
One that reaches out with a swinging stride,
That'll lead us to the front in the race.

Asset or Liability

Service giving is a pleasure,
when 'tis given not by measure;
When it's a privilege, not demand,
to lend yourself with heart and hand;
Give your Boss what's to him due,
give your friends a boost or two;
Love all friends for friendship's sake,
No envy held, or foe to hate;
Forward always thro' weal or woe,
stoop to lift a fallen foe;
Take all bumps, no matter where,
wipe your slate and call it square;
Doing these you're at your best,
for bless your soul you're an asset.

BUT—

Usurping rights for personal gain,
using friends for selfish aims;
Juggling a job to deftly shirk,
making duty irksome work;
Using trickery to unload,
burdens yours by honor's code;
Maltreating conscience with a maul,
to beat it back when justice calls;
Like a leach or porous plaster,
you cling to gain with greed your master;
You'll creedless live, loveless be,
a barnacle on life, a LIABILITY.

The Other Fellow's Shoes

Of't with envy you heave a sigh,
When some fellow passes stepping high,
Making progress with certain things,
And you think, Oh, if I had a fling;
As he makes good, so I could too,
Were I but in his shoes.

You may be walking with easy feet,
Humbly along a time worn beat;
Perhaps you are not satisfied,
Because Ambition runneth by your side;
Others may walk with pomp and show,
They seem above—you below;
You watch their step, become enthused,
With wishes vain to fill their shoes.

But listen friend, some things you'd find,
To switch the angle of your mind,
And change your erstwhile views;
Perhaps bunions there fraught with heat,
Pain also from blistered feet,
And aches and limps galore;

You can't judge shoes by show or walk,
Whence comes the pain to make you balk,
Or enhance your earthly store.

Success comes not in a pair of shoes,
It's free for all to pick and choose;
When you learn to earn things justly due;
It's the things unearned that taunt the view;
To wish your feet in other's shoes;
It's will and pluck—it's never luck,
Which plants the seeds that root,
And grow not shoes, but seven leagued boots.

Each One of Them A Queen (A War-time Appreciation)



Who prayed for peace more earnestly,
through troubled days and nights;
Yet, to vanquish the Scourge of Nations,
she inspired her men to fight;
She turned aside from frailties,
she garbed in uniform;

To carry hope's sweet message,
to places battle-torn;
At home, afar, undaunted she,
responded to war's behest;
A daughter true of the red, white and blue,
she stood the acid test;
She knew no race distinction,
God and humanity her creed;
They gave themselves for duty,
of glory they sought no meed,
From the rear of front-line trenches,
where dead and wounded fell;
To the breaches they were filling
in defending their homes as well;
Aye, in sad and silent moments,
when some hero's eyes got dim,
Who better than a woman,
could minister unto him?
Hats off, then you men and fighters,—
child of someone's dreams;
Such women are of a land,
where each one is a queen.

Pal O' Mine



May I ne'er forget those things I owe her,
Debts I never can repay;

For the lifts she's always given me,
in her loyal wifely way.

Always, when I deserve it,
she commends me with her praise;

When I err, or when I falter,
she chastises me and flays;

She's more than a companion,
she's the best of all good pals;

She's the kind that shares your burdens,
with a love-way that enthralls.

Our Flag



'Tis a goodly sight,
blue, red, and white;
with stars within their field;

An emblem bold,
a century old,
with no retrogressing yield;

Shot may tear it,
or service wear it,
yet 'tis 'old glory' just the same;

It stands for might,
and means we'll fight,
for justice and play fair;

For human rights,
for the oppressed,
no matter where they are.

We'll back its show,
where its ripples blow,
with aggressive ways and means;

And with it runs,
undaunted sons,
and an eagle with some scream.

The Rippling Rhyme

There's something akin
to the rippling rhyme,
that grips the interest,
and fills the mind,

With thoughts so simple,
we can understand,
even flights of fancy,
sublime and grand.

It leads us away,
from the depths of thought—
inspires with themes,
that are easily caught.

It sparkles and brightens,
while it dances along,
and fills the moments,
with cheer and song.

The Egotist

The egotist is a sophist, which in
plain language means,
That his bump of self-conceit is
bulging at its seams;
He's the man who knows it all, who
wants his way at best;
Who brooks no interference—whose
knowledge knows no test;
You've often heard him rant and prate,
and strive to look and seem ornate;
While you diagnose his needs—and
figure that his brain's diseased—
With plain imaginitis.

He thinks this busy world would stop,
were he to die and such like rot;
Poor silly boob, such thoughts begotten,
in nine short days he'd be forgotten;
And the world move on anent the loss,
and find for itself a better boss.

For there's hosts of men unknown by name,
deserving wreathes in the Hall of Fame,
No one man can know it all,
The Lord gave others knowledge too;
And among them he ordained many,
more capable, for instance, than you.

So, don't be egotistic son,
let your fellows have their chance;
The world weighs merit fairly,
and not by passing glance.
If you weigh well in the balance,
you'll get your meed of praise;
If you don't, the fault is yours in solace,
Don't blame it on the scales.

Helping the Sun Break Through

When the world seems blue,
 and clouds overhang,
 and the way seems harsh and rough;
Don't whimper and whine,
 lay down supine,
 You're made of better stuff;
The light may be hid,
 but it's never out,
 not once in a blue moon;
Don't hesitate,
 just concentrate,
 and puncture the pall of gloom;
Just gravitate
 to a cheerful state,
 of mind that's fresh and new;
And catch the gleam,
 of golden sheen,
 and help the sun break through;
Just laugh and sing,
 then joy will bring,
 freedom from any grind;
And give the blue,
 an azure hue,
 to tint the leaden skies;
Then Lo, as the sun breaks through
 it gladdens you,
 with content and peace of mind.

When Heat Begins to Prickle in July



Would I were the farmer as he revels in the
summer, it's his harvest-time for gain;

From early dawn 'till supper horn, he bugs
his spuds, or plows his corn, or reaps his
ripened grain,

His days are best and full of zest when blis-
tery in July, while we must sweat, swat
flies and wheeze;

Long for the seashore, lake or mountain, if
our dollars are worth countin' to take us
where there's breeze;

It's the time for 'ades and ices, vacation days
and vices, when we would blow our wads;

Were it not that grim necessity keeps us
scratching like the 'dickens', as we for bed
and eats must plod;

Our clothes cling to us sticky, and our collars
flunk and wilt, while the mercury throbs
and beats;

Oh, July, you're month the seventh, would
instead you were the 'leventh, then there'd
be no prickly heat.

Anent the Pessimist



Sum up your day's work
with zeal and zest,
Recall those things
good you've tried;
To do your best,
your level best,
With a feeling satisfied.

Then when at night
repose you seek;
With your conscience,
good and clear;
You've wiped out of mind
a lot of reek,
That would have made
The world look bleared.

The Magical Land of Good Cheer



'Tis a wonderful land
where you can abide;
It's the valley of love and good cheer.
The road thereto is a
straight one and wide,
And is never restricted to years.

'Tis balmy with sunshine,
and its fairy-like dells,
Are mantled with fragrance and flowers;
And joy comes to him
whom in happiness dwells,
Amid its enchantment and dowers.

There, shackles are loosened
from off of your feet;
Burdens are eased too, by friends;
The elixir of smiles is
offered to greet,
And glad hands a warm welcome lends.

Shadows are chased from
souls that are dark;
From the heart too, vanisheth fear;
But my friend, to enter its domain
you must do your own part,
And the password thereto is Good Cheer.

The Optimist



When a man is void of bluster;
And collects his thoughts in clusters,
Then wreathes them 'round his faith in men
and things;
He's mixing in the leaven,
That lifts the gates of Heaven,
To flood his days with the happiness it
brings.

He's an optimist.

When the street car rushes by,
That to catch so hard he tried,
He cusses not, nor prates, but soothes his
mind;
As he whistles and he smiles,
And patiently waits awhile,
'Till the next car comes rolling down the line.

He's an optimist.

When things are topsy-turvy,
From the world's 'ism-atic scurvy,
And the cloud lines of the future looms up
dense;

Yet he with hope feels certain
When they draw aside the curtain,
The setting of the stage will recompense.

He's the optimist.

Is it you?

Swapping Thought Horses



When your errant thoughts cross-fire;
From toil they're dull and tired;
Just turn them loose to loiter awhile
care free.

Let them canter around and browse;
Till they find new strength aroused,
In the pasture land of verse-rhymed
harmony.

Just swap their lagging trend;
With relaxation as a friend;
With diversion they'll limber-up and
move.

They'll swap and breed new lines;
Race the cobwebs from your mind;
And lift you o'er the sides of many
a groove.

They'll show you means and ways;
Whereby in the passing days;
Where one flower deed only you could
grow;
With their recuperated cheer,
Dispelling their laboured fears;
The same stem and soil will give you
two.

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An Every Day Story

I knew some boys who feared a lickin'
I didn't.

They feared to fight even imposition;
I didn't.

Boys who observed all rules at school,
right of course, though oft' ridiculed;

Feared to steal away—'hookey' play,
in the nooks by the stream running far
away.

I didn't.

As life went on, some their nature's changed;
I didn't.

Some from goodness in habit strayed;
I didn't.

Maturity inured me with its passing years,
when the 'gaff' hit them, they shed tears;

Life made them pay, its wages were strong,
its tide went out, they went along.

I didn't.

I learned my lesson along the way;
They didn't.

When life offered its bills I tried to pay;
They didn't.

Sometimes I was down, nearly out,
its road was rough, I was cuffed about;
But I whined nor flinched, strode right in,
They balked at the noise, the sordid din.
I didn't.

Age has tinged the years with grey;
I see life's mileposts 'long its tortuous way;
Not rich in dollars I've much content;
My years not weary, all were well spent;
I missed some pitfalls with which life traps,
they raced along, fell in perhaps—
I didn't—that's all.

The Battle-Ground of Life



There's a feeling very supreme,
When you've actualized a dream;
And have fought a fight 'gainst odds and
can say "I've Won".
And revel in the thrills,
As in retrospect the hills,
Stand visualized as battle-grounds o'er which
you've dragged your guns.

Achievement's always worth,
Every effort you put forth,
If you reckon up the cost of what it's worth
to win;
But you must reckon for mistakes,
And the chances you must take,
For the bee defends its honey with its sting.

You can win if you believe;
By your faith you can achieve;
You can pluck the rose despite its many
thorns;
Then its beauty and perfume,
Will compensate for risks assumed;
And the laurel wreath of victory be not of
glory shorn.

The Spider and the Fly



Fate the grim spider, spins its grey
web;

Drawing the years closer as they flow
in and ebb;

Meshing their filaments with us as
the flies;

Entangling our moments as each one
drifts by.

But, why blame the spider, when caught
in its net;

Don't stop, just consider, there's a fight-
ing chance left;

Rise up then, go at it, make every day
count;

There's ever a come-back for a man
down and out.

The Assets of a Friend

His the shade of the spreading tree when
the sun's at noonday heat;

His the rock-bound fortress when the battle
brings defeat.

When you're right the world is with you;
when you're wrong none will defend;

But that loyal, royal, personage—that one
who is your friend.

Your success to him gives pleasure, in failure
you'll find him strong;

To him your heart's a book wide open with
its goodness or its wrongs.

He never breaks a confidence, nor does
jealousy him consume;

He flexes his own adjustment to the moods
which you assume.

'Tis he who steadies your wavering faith,
when you're doubting human's creed;

'Tis he who boosts you when depressed;
from him you borrow when you're in need.

He gives you draughts of hope's elixir, he
wants naught but that you be yourself;
To him you're you, that's all he asks, be
your garb of rags or wealth.

Rare indeed, that unconscious pledge, amazing too—what a true friend gives;

But pleasure's pleasure when it's with him, and
you want him near when you cease to live.

Wives may be faithful, husbands too, their
love be strong to mortal end;

Yet so few of him, a tangible thing, 'tis an
innate something that distinguishes a
FRIEND.

Making Hay



Hark—Listen to the hum and rattle,
Listen to the mowing machine,
Hear the rhythm of its running sickle,
Deep in blossomed green;
Through clover blooming redly,
Or through timothy tufted grey;
Waving because top-heavy,
Like the rolling of a billowed sea;
Then, across the stubbled meadow,
From the hay piled high in heaps,
There comes a pungent odor,
That's not akin to streets.
Mind, how you wielded a fork in loading,
The cured and perfumed crop;
You thought your back was breaking,
And your sweat-drenched brow you'd mop;
And the sun—Gosh, how it did blister,
You can't make hay at night;
You need your brawn and muscle,
While the day is warm and bright.
What a glory there is in hay-making,
What a fragrance and perfume;
There's a mellow-tinted something,
Just like a harvest moon;
Then too, when far afield,
The deep-toned lusty bell;
To tell you "Dinner's ready",
You could scent the savory smell;
Of ham and cabbage, beans and things,
With such a hungry twinge,
You wouldn't swap your appetite,
For a million it might bring.

Giving Service

Beginning its journey of service,
From behind its moss-bank screen;
Out through a rock-bound crevice,
Gurgles a living stream.

In ecstasy free it dances and sways,
Or, lingers and eddys along;
Or, leaps o'er cliffs in shimmering spray,
As it babbles its crystalline song.

Down o'er the side of mountain steep,
And across the valley below;
It reaches out to the winding creek,
Thence, on to the river it flows.

It passes thru vale, by hamlet and farm,
Thru forests with shadows and shade;
Life it sustains, gives beauty more charm;
Despising neither youth or old age.

Quenching the thirst of man and of beast,
As it does for all living things;
Instilling in all by Omnipotent behest
The beneficence that real service brings.

Never a time in its useful career,
From mountain-top fountain to sea;
But that it gave to someone, somewhere,
Something, someway, its full service free.

Do you—?

Contents



Introductory.....	5	When the Glow of Retrospect is Golden...	38
Dedication	7	Riding On a Rocking Horse.....	40
Thou Art God.....	9	Asset or Liability	41
A Man's Measure.....	10	The Other Fellow's Shoes.....	42
Yesterday.....	11	Each One of Them a Queen.....	43
Today	12	Pal O' Mine.....	45
Tomorrow.....	13	Our Flag.....	46
January.....	14	The Rippling Rhyme..	47
February.....	15	The Egotist.....	48
March	16	Helping the Sun Break Through.....	50
April	17	When the Heat Begins To Prickle in July...	51
May	18	Anent the Pessimist...	52
June	19	The Magical Land of Good Cheer.....	53
July	20	The Optimist.....	54
August.....	21	Swapping Thought Horses.....	55
September	22	An Every Day Story ..	56
October.....	23	The Battle Ground of Life.....	58
November	24	The Spider and the Fly.	59
December.....	25	The Asset of a Friend.	60
Inspiration.....	26	Making Hay.....	62
Contentment.....	28	Giving Service.....	63
Just Believe.....	29		
Forgetfulness.....	30		
Thinking.....	32		
From the Hilltop.....	33		
Fellowship	34		
Riding Things Home..	36		
The Helper	37		

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